

GLEE.—Mr. ESTE.—Composed in
1600.

HOW merrily we live that shepherds
be;
Roundelays still we sing with merry glee;
On the pleasant downs where as our flocks
we see;
We feel no cares, we fear not fortune's frowns,
We have no envy which sweet mirth confounds.
How merrily, &c.

GLEE.—Mr. BAILDON.

WHEN gay Bacchus fills my breast,
All my cares are lull'd to rest;
Rich I seem as Lydia's king,
Merry catch or ballad sing.
Ivy wreaths my temples shade,
Ivy that will never fade;
Thus I sit in mind elate,
Laughing at the farce of state.
Some delight in fighting fields;
Nobler transports Bacchus yields:
Fill the bowl—I ever said,
“’Tis better to lie drunk, than dead.”